

THE DRAUGHT
BLACK-DRAUGHT
THE ORIGINAL
LIVER MEDICINE

A yellow complexion, dizziness, biliousness and a coated tongue are common indications of liver and kidney diseases. Stomach and bowel troubles, severe as they are, give immediate warning by pain, but liver and kidney troubles, though less painful at the start, are much harder to cure. The Draught never fails to benefit diseased liver and weakened kidneys. It stirs up the torpid liver to throw off the germs of fever and ague. It is a certain preventive of cholera and Bright's disease of the kidneys. With kidneys reinforced by The Draught thousands of persons have dwelt immune in the midst of yellow fever. Many families live in perfect health and have no other doctor than The Draught. It is always on hand for use in an emergency and saves many expensive calls of a doctor.

Mullins, S. C., March 10, 1901.
I have used The Draught for three years and have not had to go to a doctor since I have been taking it. It is the best medicine for liver and kidney troubles and dyspepsia and other complaints. Rev. A. G. LEWIS.

Griswold House

Cor. Grand River Ave. and Griswold St.

DETROIT, MICH

Rates \$2.00 per Day. First-class in every particular.

POSTAL & MORREY, Proprietor.

A SHOCK TO THE COMMUNITY.

The Coroner's Verdict.

"I had just said good bye to him, and he ran down the steps from my office laughing, throwing a joke over his shoulder as he went. He looked the picture of health and strength. Ten minutes later I was called to where he lay rigid and silent on the sidewalk. His life had been snuffed out like a candle." That was a friend's testimony before the coroner. The verdict of the coroner's jury was—"Died of heart failure." The next day the press chronicled the sudden taking of a well-known citizen under the familiar head of "A Shock to the Community." Then the "street" soon ceased to remember the man so swiftly taken away.

This is no fancy sketch. Every day



deaths occur in some manner—deaths attributed to heart failure by the medical profession. Cold science has ridiculed the idea of dying of a broken heart. Hearts don't break says science. But it has to admit that

HEARTS BREAK DOWN.

A man who has a valuable engine, gives it a good track to run on, tests its capacity and keeps well inside it, keeps it always properly lubricated and does all that is possible to get the best results with least friction. Suppose the man ran his engine careless of the water in the boiler or the fuel under the engine and regardless of the steam gauge. Suppose he crowded the engine up grade, and coupled an extra car or two to the train he was pulling, regardless of the fact that he was putting every ounce of strain on the engine it could bear. What would you expect? A break down. Engine failure.

Heart failure comes that way. The heart is little larger than a man's fist and is the most wonderful of all the most delicate of organs. In each twenty-four hours the heart moves approximately six tons of blood, which is equivalent to about two barrels of blood every hour, and this without rest or pause from the first breath of infancy to the last sigh of old age. What can you expect when a man eats regardless of the nutrition which feeds the heart as well as every other organ of the body? What can you expect when he crowds this delicate engine to the uttermost, but what happens—break down, heart failure. And the tragedy of heart failure will continue to be repeated until men are warned of the peril of overwork and inadequate nutrition.

"WEAK HEARTS"

are growing too common, and the means of establishing a healthy heart action at the same time increasing the entire phy-

His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt Astrologer," etc.

(Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

"No—no, I drove over from Harmon's this morning and saw Vlandingham before I started. He's got something up his sleeve. I hardly know what, though. He told me that fools build courthouses and wise men occupy them. I don't know as I ought to tell you this, being a non-combatant, as you might say, but I guess it won't do any harm. Vlandingham is a deep one, but his daughter is deeper still."

"What do you know about Miss Vlandingham?" asked Guy, with sudden interest. Mr. Pinchbeck started to answer, but had to pause to grab his glasses again. "Why don't you get a cord?" asked Guy, somewhat testily.

"Eh?"

"Tie 'em on," continued Guy, pointing to the glasses. "If they were mine they'd give me nervous prostration. I don't know but they will anyhow."

"I get so mad sometimes," admitted Mr. Pinchbeck, "that I feel as though I could swear." He put the glasses in his pocket. "Nearsighted, you know, and can't tell a dog from a wildcat across the street."

"I was asking what you know about Miss Vlandingham?" said Guy.

"So you were. Miss Vlandingham, Mr. Herbert, is one of the cleverest young women I have ever seen. Her mind is by far the brightest of any in the rival town. She'll give you the fight of your life and I'm inclined to think that her town will win. She's a girl of infinite resource that the episode of this morning clearly illustrates. The spectacular way she has of doing things. Gracious! Think of a woman deliberately donning a disguise and coming deliberately into a horrid of partisanship like this!" Mr. Pinchbeck seemed so overcome by the thought that he found it impossible to continue for several moments. "You are a young man without much experience, Mr. Herbert," he said, finally, "and I'd like to give you a word of advice

ical capacity, should be interesting to everyone.

"I had been troubled with heart trouble and catarrh of the stomach," writes Mr. W. D. Merchant, of Tylersburg, Clarion Co., Penn. "Had doctored for some time without relief, then I began to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took seven bottles. Before I began to take it I weighed 170 pounds, and now I weigh 176. I am working steadily and feel like a well man. I send you many thanks."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine specially designed to cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition and to purify the blood. But the ingredients which enter into the "Discovery" include one of the best heart tonics known in medicine. So while "Golden Medical Discovery" cures the diseased stomach, it strengthens the heart and enables the pumping of an adequate blood supply to the stomach and kidneys thus improving the action of these organs.

"I was in poor health when I commenced taking Doctor Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Elmer Lawler, of Volga, Jefferson Co., Ind. "I had heart, stomach and lung troubles. Was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. I took about six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I feel like a different person. I gladly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Physical strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated. But the sum of physical strength is made up of the strength of each physical organ. A man's strength is made up of heart strength, liver strength, kidney strength, lung strength, etc., in combination, and all this strength is created and sustained by the nutrition derived from food. Hence it is easy to see that when the stomach and its allied organs are diseased and the nutrition of the body is reduced, that the consequent weak body means weakness of its organs, "weak heart," "weak lungs," "weak kidneys," etc. And when "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts, strength comes back to the body and its several organs in the only way which strength can be made, that is by the nutrition derived from food properly digested and assimilated. Hence diseases of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs are cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" when as is frequently the case these diseases have their origin in the diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free, and so obtain the medical opinion of a specialist without cost or fee. All correspondence held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. When a dealer offers a substitute medicine claiming it to be "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery," remember that he is the only person who can possibly profit by the substitution. His profit is your loss.

DON'T BUY ONE.

Don't buy a medical work when you can get one free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser containing more than a thousand large pages and over seven hundred illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the volume in cloth binding, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Will you accept it in a kindly spirit?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pinchbeck. What have you to offer?"

"Amityville is the key to this county seat situation. One lot of imported voters will offset the other and as Amityville goes so goes the election. Do you catch on?"

"I think I do."

"Personally, I have little choice between Concord and Harmony. Still, my profits, if this town is victorious, will be slightly greater, as the blocks are four lots larger. Hence this tip, Mr. Herbert. Get a county map and study it."

Mr. Pinchbeck got up, walked over to the cigar case and took out a cigar, laying a nickel in the box for such purpose made and provided.

The principle of gain was too firmly wrought into Mr. Pinchbeck's nature for Guy to estimate him very highly as a man, but he had furnished the youth with a good deal of mental pabulum.

Every makeshift and design in the rival towns appeared to cluster about the personality of Miss Betty—Miss Betty with her Titian hair and melting eyes—as dauntless as she was charming, as brave as she was resourceful. She had met Col. Keever's most diplomatic move, bringing in voters from Bismarck to offset those from Jamestown. The contest was assuming proportions which made Guy extremely dubious of the result. Miss Betty was likely to win the county seat away from him and his heart along with it. After an hour's fruitless reflection Guy borrowed a county map of Pedro, fortified himself with a good cigar and went up to his room to consider the question of Amityville.

This village was the only other town in Goodwill county. A marginal note on the map informed Guy that its population was only about thirty-five. These thirty-five were undoubtedly favorable to Harmony, for Amityville lay to the west of that town and consequently nearer to it than to Concord. In order for Harmony to present a petition containing the names of two-thirds of the qualified voters in the county, Amityville must have signed it to a man. Here was a good field for effort, Guy thought. Why could he not go over there and talk to the people? He came to a conclusion just as the bell rang. He was thoroughly determined to go to Amityville in the course of a few days and try his hand at electioneering.

When he came out of his room he saw Pettibone sitting in the hall beside his door. The young man was surprised at the sheriff's presence, but made no comment.

"What did you do with Barney?" Mr. Pettibone asked Guy.

"He's confined in a room over Pinchbeck's that we use as a jail."

"What's to be done with him?"

"Judge Waffle will have to decide that."

Pettibone was most companionable. He not only accompanied Guy downstairs, but sat at table with him during supper, followed him out on the porch for an evening smoke, chatted with him until bedtime and then accompanied him upstairs again to his room. A cot was standing in the hall beside Guy's door in place of the chair.

"See here, Pettibone," said Guy, "you're a nice fellow, and all that, but don't you think you're crowding me pretty close?"

"Well, no," answered Pettibone, after a brief period of thought.

"What does this mean, anyway?"

"The Colonel and a lot more didn't like the way you carried on this morning, and they wanted me to lock you up along with Barney. But I told 'em no. Then they insisted that I should have to watch you and be responsible for you if I didn't put you under lock and key. I says all right, and that's why I'm here. I'm a good fellow, as you've just been kind enough to say, and I'm dead sure you're another, so we're going to get along without any friction, ain't we?"

"We'll try to," laughed Guy.

"And in the morning," continued Pettibone, "we'll go to the circus."

"Circus?" echoed Guy. "What circus, Pettibone?"

"Well, the case of Keever vs. Liscomb is going to be tried before Judge Waffle, and if we don't have a show with all but the rings and the canvas I'll miss my guess. Good night."

Guy bade the sheriff good night and went into the room and closed the door.

The people of his own town had turned against him! The matter was becoming interesting, and the interest was likely to increase instead of diminish.

CHAPTER IX.

On the following morning, shortly before the judicial hour of ten, Guy and Pettibone proceeded to the building containing the drug store and ascended to the second story. Here was the courtroom and likewise the small apartment utilized as a jail. Unlocking the door of the latter chamber, Pettibone requested Barney to come forth. The prisoner obeyed, and when he saw Guy he pressed close to him and asked in a low tone, while the sheriff busied himself relocking the door:

"Did you give me away?"

"No," replied Guy, "and I will not. If you can get clear, Barney, go back to Harmony and stay there. That will be the safest and best thing you can do."

Barney nodded as the sheriff joined them and they started for the courtroom.

As has been stated, Christopher Waffle owned a threshing outfit. His profession was that of an itinerant thrasher of grain; incidentally, as will be remembered, he was also justice of the peace.

There was, in Christopher Waffle, a certain warmth of originality and sharpness of purpose that had earned him the sobriquet of "Hot Waffle."

But Christopher Waffle cared not for public opinion, good or ill. He made it his exclusive aim to please Waffle, J. P., and thus was always sure of being on good terms with himself, whatever might be the state of his feelings toward the rest of mankind.

When Guy, Barney and Pettibone entered the room, the judge had not yet arrived. Col. Keever was there, however, his white hat severely set upon his ample brows—mute testimony of his mental condition. There, also, was Lem Bilkins, twisted about a chair in close proximity to the Colonel and watching his every movement with an admiration that was almost soulful. Glimmer was there—Mrs. Glimmer having agreed to look after the Emporium during his absence—and Pinney, the druggist, and Leffingwell, proprietor of the livery stable, and Sampson, and Mr. Barbary, who was supposed to be a lawyer and who possessed a painfully meager form, a hatchet face, had an impediment in his speech and had been retained by the defense. Others were present, but none especially noteworthy. The buzz of conversation ceased abruptly upon the coming of the sheriff with his prisoners—for it was plain that Guy was considered in the light of a malefactor, spared the odium of imprisonment merely because of Pettibone and upon the latter's responsibility.

Frigid looks were directed at Guy by every one except—strange as it may appear—the redoubtable Colonel. The manager of the Townsite company had slept upon the incidents of the preceding afternoon and had come to the conclusion that he had been somewhat hasty with Guy. Solely by grace of the young man he was directing the affairs of the town. The office was no sinecure, but if Concord won in the contest his paper would "boom" and his nest would be feathered in other ways. For these reasons, the glances he shot in Guy's direction were of the sorrowful and injured-but-forgiving kind.

A chair, a table, a glass and a broken water pitcher were awaiting the judge, who finally arrived. He was clad in overall's carelessly tucked into his boot tops, was in his shirt sleeves and carried an oil can in one hand and a bunch of "waste" in the other. Bill Comfort, bearing a large book, was close to his employer's heels.

"It looks as though you people never would get through lawin'," growled the judge. "Here it is, only two months from the biggest harvest we have had in the territory yet, and I've got to leave my threshing machine and come here."

At this point his honor exchanged his oil can and bunch of waste for the book.

"Sit down, Bill," he commanded, and the engineer tipped Lem Bilkins out of his chair and seated himself.

"Now," continued the judge, laying the book down on the table and throwing himself into his seat, "I was busy yesterday afternoon and don't know what this is all about. Tell me, somebody."

Mr. Barbary got up.

"If you please, your honor, I have the p-p-pleasure to a-p-p-a-a—"

That was the extent of Mr. Barbary's utterance, for the time. He grew red in the face, whistled, stamped his foot and struck himself in the side, all to no purpose.

Then the Colonel, suave, dignified, voluble, arose.

"Your honor," said he, "this is an action brought against one Barney Liscomb for maliciously threatening my life with a shotgun."

"I seen him do it!" declared Lem Bilkins.

"You hush, Bilkins. You, too, Keever. I wouldn't try to say anything if it's painful, Barbary. Sit down and keep still, all of you. I'm the boss of this threshing outfit."

"This is a court of law, your honor, and not a threshing outfit," remonstrated the Colonel.

"It isn't, eh? I say a court of law is a moral threshing machine. Doesn't it separate the wheat from the chaff?"

"Right you are, Waffle!" seconded Bill Comfort.

The judge frowned at his engineer. "This is no the-a-y-ter," he resumed. "What have you been doing, Barbary?"

"Your honor, I-I-I—" began the lawyer for the defense.

"Don't distress yourself, Barbary; sit down. I was talking to Liscomb."

"I represent him in this case."

"Not in this court. Sit down, I tell you. Now, Barney?"

"But, your honor, e-e-e—" stuttered Barbary, red and desperate.

"Stop your whistling and stomping! Don't you know any better than to whistle and stomp in a court of justice?"

"But Mr. Lis-Lis-Liscomb—"

The judge stared at the lawyer so sternly he wilted in his chair.

"Shall I throw him out, Waffle?" asked Bill Comfort, making a pugilistic gesture with his bunch of waste.

"No," said the judge, withdrawing his glare from Barbary and bestowing it upon his engineer; "but I'll tell you what you can do, Bill Comfort. You can keep still or I'll throw you out, and no two ways about it. Now, Barney."

Barney stood up and was about to speak when Col. Keever broke in ahead of him.

"Your honor, it is customary first to hear the plaintiff. I beg to be allowed to make my statement."

"And I beg to be allowed to tell you to mind your p's and q's. Is my authority to be respected or isn't it?"

Col. Keever coughed and thrust his hand into his bosom.

"I WILL address this court, sir."

"You will, will you?" exclaimed Waffle, starting up slowly. "If you say much more, the dignity of this court is going to be badly impaired."

"You're a disgrace to the law you profess to represent."

"Silence, or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

"If my fine was in proportion to my contempt," scored the Colonel, "a million dollars wouldn't pay it."

"Now, you're getting personal, Pettibone, if that man forgets himself again, take him down to the end of the hall and lock him up. While I'm here this thing is going to be run according to Waffle. Come here, Barney, and I'll swear you."

Barney laid his hand on the book while the oath was administered, then he was asked in a tone of judicial severity:

"Did you point a deadly weapon at that gentleman in the white hat?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it—a shotgun?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it loaded with?"

"No, 5 shot."

"How far were you from Col. Keever at the time?"

"About fifty feet."

"Now, then, answer me square-up. If your gun had gone off would it have killed our respected friend?"

"I think it would, sir."

The judge leaned forward in his chair.

"Then why in the fiend's name didn't you shoot?"

A painful silence settled over the courtroom and then there came a titter from someone somewhere in the crowd. Guy laughed outright. Springing erect, the Colonel inflated his broad chest, and fastened his eyes on Waffle.

"Sir," he cried in a voice whose every intonation sent a palpitating chill through Lem Bilkins, "you are invested with the sacred majesty of law, and I would rather cut off my right hand than raise it against one of the noblest of my country's institutions, but—"

"That will do, Keever," cut in the judge. "Make any more comments on my way of doing things and I'll fine you and levy on your old blanket sheet for the amount. You're the kind of a frontier product that makes an honest man blush for his race. You're having your day now, but the time will come when the people will find you out. Beware of that time, Keever, that's my advice to you."

Col. Keever arose stiffly and strode to the door. There he halted to shake his cane at the judge and exclaim wrathfully:

"You shall answer for this, sir! Egad, I shall see that you answer for this!"

He flounced out of the room and the judge laughed and called after him:

"Whenever you're ready for me, Colonel, you'll find I'm ready for you. Liscomb, I shall have to fine you ten dollars, not for what you did do, but for what you didn't do. If you will promise—"

He was interrupted by the wild tolling of a bell. His words died away on his lips and he sat rigidly upright, listening to the sound as though fascinated. Pettibone gave a startled jump. A deathlike stillness was everywhere broken only by the heavy breathing of those in the room.

"It's the alarm," cried Glimmer, his voice shaking with excitement; "the Harmony men are coming after the records! The Harmony men!"

"Court's adjourned!" shouted Waffle, leaping on the table. "Run for the courthouse, every man of you!"

There followed a scrambling rush for the door, accompanied by fierce yells and shouts of defiance. In the confusion, Guy and Barney were separated from the sheriff and from each other. Left to his own devices, Guy drew back and then trailed along in the rear of the crowd, which swept down the stairs and off up the street in the direction of the courthouse.

CHAPTER X.

When the excited Concordians reached the courthouse they found absolutely no sign of a foe. All was quiet and peaceful and the men who had formed themselves into a hasty cordon about the building began to look at each other dubiously. Their attention was finally attracted by Mrs. Glimmer, who came out in front of the Emporium.

"Who rang the bell," she cried, nervously.

"Don't you know?" returned her husband in a bewildered tone.

"I haven't the slightest idea, Benjamin. I heard a noise upstairs and ran to see what was the matter. While I was gone some one rang the bell. Dear sakes! Are the Harmony folks coming?"

"Don't you worry, Amanda. Whether they come or not, I'm here. Did you see any one in the store when you came down?"

"Not a soul."

(to be continued in our next.)



THEN THE COLONEL AROSE.

RAND-MENALLY OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE
25 CENTS
166 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY

Map showing routes between Toledo, Ann Arbor, and other cities in North Michigan.

TIME TABLE
In effect November 10th, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA.

NORTH	SOUTH
No. 1-12:34 p. m.	No. 2-7:30 a. m.
No. 3-8:15 p. m.	No. 4-4:20 p. m.

Sleeping Cars between Frankfort and Alma on Nos. 2-3 and Free Chair Cars on Nos. 1-4.

J. J. KIRBY, H. J. WINCHELL, Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKOGEE RY.

Leave Ashley, Saginaw for Detroit 6:30 a. m. for Muskegon at 12:30 p. m. 2:30 p. m. for Muskegon. Close connections at Jno. W. Lord, made at Owasco Junction. Traffic Manager, with connections of D. G. Detroit H. & M. H. BEN FLETCHER, P. A. Detroit, Mich.

Grand Trunk R'y System.
EASTBOUND

	Daily Ex Sud
Muskegon	8:30 a. m.
Spartanburg	8:37 a. m.
Cedar Springs	8:57 a. m.
Greenville	9:30 a. m.
Sheridan	9:50 a. m.
Cedar City	10:17 a. m.
Ashley	11:00 a. m.
Owasco Jct.	11:48 a. m.
Durand	12:30 p. m.
Detroit	1:30 p. m.

WESTBOUND

	Daily Ex Sud
Detroit	11:30 a. m.
Durand	12:40 p. m.
Owasco Jct.	1:40 p. m.
Ashley	2:30 p. m.
Cedar City	3:08 p. m.
Sheridan	3:42 p. m.
Greenville	4:12 p. m.
Cedar Springs	5:15 p. m.
Spartanburg	5:35 p. m.
Muskegon	6:40 p. m.

* All trains except Sunday.
C. G. ROBERTSON, Agent, Owasco, Mich.

PERE MARQUETTE
NOVEMBER 3, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA AS FOLLOWS.

For Detroit and East 9:50 a. m. 12:12 p. m.
For Grand Rapids and West 8:43 a. m. 8:00 p. m.
For Saginaw and Bay City 9:50 a. m. 12:12 p. m.
For Big Rapids and North 8:20 a. m. 8:00 p. m.

W. F. MORRIS, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.
H. J. WINCHELL, AGENT, ALMA.

WINTER TOURIST TICKET
...to...
Southern Resorts
via
SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
(6895 miles)

Winter Tourist tickets on sale October 15, 1900, to April 30, 1901.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY is the best line to all Resorts in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas, via either Louisville, Cincinnati, Chattanooga or Birmingham.

THE GREAT TRUNK LINE, from Washington to the South.

Best Line to CUBA and PORTO RICO

Map folders, Cuban and Portorican folders, Winter Homes folders, "Land of the Sky" booklets, etc., mailed to any address. All inquiries answered promptly. Patronage solicited.

All Lines sell tickets through via this Great System.

J. C. BEAN, JR., N. W. Free Agent, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
C. A. BAIRD, Trav. Pass. Agent, 301 Heavy Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
A. WELCH, Passenger Agent, 200 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.
WM. H. TAYLOR, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Kentucky.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DAWITT & CO., Chicago.